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"Rise and Shine" IN OSLO

Oslo, waking up
Stretches deep into
 crisp day
Yawns, shaking off
 fish scales of sleep
While stalls, still slumbering
 secure in their nightshirts
Allow a rosebush, tomatoe, child's plastic drum
 to peep prudishly
 out from under their skirts.

Towheads by the hundreds
Teem through morning station gates
 like salmon upstream
Burst into haloes of sun
 once hitting the street
 where, changing pace
 they amble now up Karl Johanes Gate
 as if stress has bypassed Oslo
 and this is last night
 not this morning.

On the sidewalks
Sunny cafe spaces
Munch unfolding chairs
 for breakfast
While in store windows
Sleep-bedazed mannequins
Have already disrobed
 for their matinal baths.

You know the day's begun
When bookstores lug out
Their postcard racks
Which prurient tourists
 love to spin
 looking for kicks
 looking for sin . . .

Brooking (Beach)--Rise/2

(Stanza Cont.)

spin, spinning, spinning, spun --

"Fun under the Midnight Sun"

"Sonja Henie Was No Cheap Skate"

"There's a Fjord in your Future"

"A Man Called Norse"

"Ibsen slept here . . . and here . . . and here"

(Translated loosely by this poet, of course)

-- Jack Beach

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

Look